

Zion's Herald.
PUBLISHED BY
BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION.
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.
A. S. WEED, Publisher.
BRADFORD E. PHIBBS, Editor.
All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.
After Jan. 1, 1886, price to all ministers \$1.50 per year.
All others subscribers \$2.50 per year.
Specimen Copies Free.

ZION'S HERALD

VOLUME LIX.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1882.

NUMBER 52.

Zion's Herald.
FOR ADVERTISERS
One of the best advertising mediums in
NEW ENGLAND.
It has probably more than fifty
thousand readers.
For particulars, address
ALONZO S. WEED,
Publisher,
36 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

DRIFTED APART.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

When spring's young treasures decked the trees,
Glad fancies sprung in each fresh breeze;
Youth's tangled path had thread of light
To guide through puzzling maze aright;
Red roses, fire-hued 'neath the sun,
With clustering berries one by one
Did gaily bloom 'mid life's great mart,
Ere drifted you and I apart.

I gave you of my very best,
The summer sunshine did the rest—
Youth's merry music, hope's glad joy,
The laughter that had no alloy;
Life's pathway opened vast and wide,
With your sweet friendship yet untied;
Lore twined its tendrils round my heart,
Ere drifted you and I apart.

What was the reason, tell me, pray?
Or is it better I should say?
A thread that stretched and broke;
A dream from which the dreamer woke;
A flower whose scent and hue were dust;
A withered hope, a broken trust.
Chill mists arise, glad days depart,
When hearts that loved drift apart.

Whose was the fault? I cannot say;
You give no answer, yea or nay.
The past lies buried in its gloom,
There comes no whisper from its tomb.
Did you look back with blinding tears
Through the chill silence of the years,
Yet could you only say, my heart
Has drifted from yours, wide apart.

Oh, earthly love, that could forget!
Oh, summer sun, that rose to set!
Oh, slender thread, that binds to break!
Oh, dreams of bliss, how chill we wake!
'Tis well for us our God above
Is all unchanging in His love,
That we may rest our erring heart
On love which cannot drift apart.

SOME PHENOMENA OF THE RECENT TRANSIT.

BY REV. MARCUS D. BUELL.

Religious teachers from time immemorial have made gestures starward. Job, David, Isaiah, Paul, even Jesus, gemmed their speech with allusions to the orbs of heaven. What one of them, coming across these December snow-fields with prophetic messages to us, would not be likely to seize upon the signs seen in the sky on the 6th instant? That brilliant bit of incandescence, waxing and waning in coy beauty between this crescent and full orb, was fitly named "Venus." The Philadelphia observers saw streaks of light about the planet, more than hinting at the atmospheres which, the books have said so long, is loaded with clouds. What fairer thing can the mind recall than that immaculate envelope of mist, twinkling above the tree-tops ever since we can remember? Nothing, assuredly, unless it be the complacent sinner's notion about himself, the face of the young man who asked Jesus, "What lack I yet?" What crime has he committed? What heinous vice can you charge him with? Not one. Clouds cover his sins. The public cannot see his real self. A silver mist of self-righteousness enswathes his personality.

Who can forget how our innocent star, hitherto with a whiteness unknown to any fuller on earth, lately appeared on the dazzling face of the sun? Stripped of its gorgeous apparel of light, an inky mote in the eye of heaven, as ominously black as the heart of the poor publican, smiting his breast. For who does not know that moral transits, with revelations quite as startling, are always impending for the unforgotten soul? Few, far between, are the transits of our neighbor world, but frequent and unannounced are those of the guilty soul. The light of morning brought such a juncture to Simon Peter, "Depart from me, O Lord!" High noon ushered in another to the woman of Samaria; and decline of day, perhaps, a third to David, when the index finger of Nathan noted the moment of first contact between the king's soul and the keen, burning edge of holy truth. Who can tell when the forces of divine Providence are to bring the spirit in sharp relief over against the memory of a Christian mother, the unforgotten face of a sainted father as it shone in prayer, or a luminous page of Holy Writ? Artificial light grows more abundant and intense every year. The electric lamp coming into our kitchens and bed-rooms, and the new Liverpool gas, so cheap and powerful, will go far toward making day and night alike to us. The moral darkness, too, that men love so well, is getting scarcer in this land of Bibles. It will be scarcest of all when the orbit of

life brings us at last before the great white throne. There will be plenty of light there. A will brought into court some time ago, and suspected as a forgery, defied the scrutiny of the sharpest human eyes, until one shrewd lawyer bethought himself to hold the paper up to the sun, when lo! a tell-tale and decisive watermark flashed out the truth. Far-off the judgment may be, but it is inevitable, and its celestial light will pierce the joints and marrow and reveal the deeds done in the body.

In the city of the writer, the presence of an expedition of German astronomers concentrated popular attention and anxiety on the weather of December 6. The chances seemed all to point the wrong way, for ten times out of twelve the day had proved stormy; and the eventful morning itself dawned dark and lowering. The moment of first impact arrived, with a cloudy sky. But suddenly, an hour later, the clouds parted, and five hours of precious sunshine followed. Many a Christian who stood in the silent crowd on Trinity campus in sight of the little observatories in which the astronomers were—not eating or drinking, but making the most of a momentary opportunity—must have thought how much like that little space of sunshine between wintry nights and storms was to the sinner's life probation. "Now," the parting clouds and brilliant sun seemed to say, "is the accepted time." Silent, secluded, absorbed, inaccessible, these savants were while their opportunity lasted; but with like address, pre-occupation and earnestness, should the benighted soul improve such shining of the Sun of Righteousness as this brief life affords. These star-gazers had no notion of any future privilege of observing a transit, waiting on their failure to improve the passing opportunity. Their science knew nothing of a second probation for any besotted observer who let his occasion slip.

When the sun had gone down, an electric spark went flashing under the sea, and twinkling across Europe to a palace in Berlin, bearing the word, "Wonderful!" Brief as the gracious interval had been, it had proved sufficient, and the astronomers were satisfied. However fragmentary life may have proved to a man in other respects, if it has been long enough for him to get acquainted with Jesus, it must be pronounced worth living. The Bible everywhere warns men that their probation is short, but it also everywhere enforces the teaching of Christ that the twelve hours of its day are a sufficient probation.

There is to be another transit of Venus. It will occur on June 8, in the year of our Lord 2004. The beautiful planet will approach the sun not a minute late; there will be a first and second contact, and another brief but mysterious journey of the black speck across the glittering disc. But ah, how far away! One hundred and twenty years! How large the trees in Bushnell Park and Boston Common will have grown! Perhaps the sunlight of that day will shimmer on a gilded dome above Beacon Hill as now, and cast the same imposing shadow north of the Connecticut State House as at this hour; but what changes are certain to come! This freshly-printed page, brought out as an antique curiosity, and the thousands of names in the HERALD'S subscription books, every one of them carved on a head-stone, if to be found at all; our streets filled with strangers, dressed in preposterous fashions; our pulpits filled with men we had no hand in admitting to Conference; other people's door-plates on our doors; other folks' children romping in high glee about our premises; other proprietors stalking about the lands we have called after our own names. Yea, verily, the sign in the sky meant something very serious for us all!

But something comforting as well, if we turn again to our inspired religious teachers gesturing skyward. They show no want of feeling for the brevity of life. With them it is swifter than a shuttle, a fading leaf, a troubled winter torrent, the remnant of a night far spent, the flag end of a day on the edge of a night when no man can work. But they are wonderfully calm

in the face of it all. How so? Well, one knows that his Redeemer lives, and that he himself shall live also. Another speaks of a rod and a staff that are to comfort him in the shadow of death. Another mentions in a rapy way a chastisement of peace that is laid upon One who is mighty to save. A fourth is actually in a strait twist two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, who, he declares, hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light in the Gospel.

Multitudes, holding a darkened glass against the sun the other day, saw a sight they will not forget. Happy are they who, looking through the shadow of impending death eternally, see the words, "Repent and believe!" and heed them.

Hartford, Conn.

THE ASSISTANT RECTOR.

A Christmas Story.

BY ELIZABETH KIRK.

[Continued.]

Mr. Thomas lay in a very critical state, but his daughter had communicated to the rector her desire that the decorations and usual holiday festivities should proceed without reference to the great man's condition. Mr. Durivage had been quite a favorite with this gentleman, a distinction, however, which he had never coveted. Therefore it was not an agreeable piece of news, on arriving at the rectory, after his cold and cheerless walk, to find that the country curate had sent for him.

"You are sure that he wants me?" Mr. Durivage inquired, doing his best not to show his annoyance.

"Miss Thomas wishes to know if Mr. Durivage will call as soon as possible," Dr. Leonard replied. "Mr. Thomas has asked for him." That was the message verbatim. You are the court favorite, my boy.

"You would know so much better what to say to this man, sir," Mr. Durivage replied wearily. "It is a difficult matter to say the right thing, when one has no respect for the person requiring his services."

"It may be simple prejudice, Arthur," Dr. Leonard answered with an encouraging smile. "How often will it be necessary for me to tell you that a minister must have no prejudices?"

"A minister mustn't have anything like anybody else," the young man replied, in a tone that made his companion laugh heartily.

"Can't even have an evening to himself, eh?" he said; and then Mr. Durivage bade his friend good-night and went out again into the cold and darkness.

Mr. Carleton, one of Mr. Durivage's best friends and most useful of his parishioners, was waiting in the parlor of the great house when the assistant rector was shown in. Mr. Carleton was also one of the chief directors of the First National Bank of South Sydney, of which institution Mr. Thomas was president.

Miss Thomas was occupied with the invalid, and had not yet appeared.

"The servant told me that Mr. Thomas was no better," Mr. Carleton replied to his companion's inquiry. "I hope he may be able to see me, however. We have just been made aware of some serious discrepancies in our accounts, Mr. Durivage," he continued, "and it is of the utmost importance that I ask him a few questions."

Mr. Durivage hoped that the matter might be speedily adjusted.

"I am afraid we are ruined, Durivage," Mr. Carleton replied. "The experts tell us that we have been robbed, and as far back as two years ago. Indeed—"

At that moment the parlor door opened, and Miss Thomas appeared. Mr. Thomas was unconscious most of the time, she said, but in one of his rare lucid moments he had asked for Mr. Durivage, and they had sent for this gentleman at once. It would not do to admit Mr. Carleton, for a call from the cashier the day before, when Mr. Thomas was only ailing, had had a most disastrous effect. Overwork and excitement, the doctor said, had been the cause of this second attack, and everything that reminded her father of business was strictly forbidden.

Mr. Carleton would call the next day, and hoped to hear of a favorable change. Then the distracted man of business was shown out, and the assistant rector was conducted to the sick man's chamber.

Mr. Thomas was in one of his raving fits when Mr. Durivage entered. Articulation was so difficult that it was next to impossible to understand anything he said. His face was swollen and purple, and the young rector, oppressed now by a new fear, wondered in a dazed sort of a fashion what had become of the spirit of this man. It did not seem possible that he could ever be conscious again.

"It is just as I feared," Miss Thomas remarked; "you will not be able to do him any good, and I have so hoped that you might. I have felt, Mr. Durivage, ever since I heard him speak your name, that our whole dependence was on you."

This was said in a tender tone all un-

usual with Miss Thomas. The assistant rector made no answer. He simply stooped and picked up an envelope that had apparently dropped from the bed, and held it in his hand a moment as he bent over the sufferer and closely examined its features. A softly-shaded lamp stood near the head of the bed, and as Mr. Durivage laid the envelope down, he carelessly glanced at the superscription: "Mr. Abraham Thomas, South Sydney, N. Y."

Mr. Durivage was scarcely more familiar with his own chirography than with this on the envelope he had just picked up. It was the writing of his old friend and college chum, Harry Thomas.

For a single moment the humiliation of the thought that he had been systematically lied to by this family, overcame every other feeling. And Harry was as bad as the rest, he told himself, for Harry Thomas was cashier of the First National Bank, and worse, it seemed, if what he had heard this evening had any truth in it.

A touch on his arm brought him to a realization of his surroundings.

"Father knows you," Miss Thomas remarked in a whisper. Then, obedient to a slight gesture of the sick man, she walked out of the room.

Mr. Durivage turned to glance at the envelope again, but it had disappeared. If the assistant rector's expression of countenance was not quite sympathetic, as he stood with folded arms gazing down into the face of the apparently dying man, it was certainly excusable.

"I think you want to tell me about your son, Mr. Thomas," he remarked in a voice that sounded strange to himself, as the swollen and stiffened lips tried in vain to frame an intelligible sentence. That was certainly correct.

"Harry has been in great trouble?" Mr. Durivage went on.

"This was plain, too. Harry had been in great trouble."

"And you have known where he was all the time?"

Correct also. Mr. Thomas had known all the time.

Now the sick man made a mighty effort, so mighty that he lifted his head and shoulders from the pillows, and then—then the words came sharp and distinct, words that filled the minister with unutterable horror.

"The man must still be raving!" Mr. Durivage told himself; but no.

"It is all true, so help me God!" These were the last conscious words. The breath grew short and stertorous again, the eyes that had been lit up by a transient gleam of intelligence were glazed and expressionless, and the heavily-laden brain started again on its toilsome journey.

Mr. Durivage called the nurse who waited in an adjoining apartment, and then softly and hastily left the house. Anything but another meeting with Miss Thomas! He had borne a good deal, and could bear more, but not that, he told himself.

Dr. Leonard was disturbed several times during the following night by the footsteps of the assistant rector overhead. They were quiet, they were slow, they were heavy, they were quick, and they seemed also unintermittent, as the rector told his young friend the next morning. There was a note by Mr. Durivage's plate which read as follows:—

"DEAR SIR: I have concluded to do as you wish. Will be at the east gate to-night at seven."

"It was old Mildred, wasn't it?" the rector inquired somewhat irrelevantly.

"It's all right," the assistant rector answered in the same fashion.

"Arthur," said the Doctor, with a merry twinkle of his kind old eyes, "do I, or do I not, know anything about this business?"

"You may be obliged to know something about it," Mr. Durivage responded.

"I feel pretty safe, Arthur," the rector replied. "If our young friend was a good deal more wicked than he is, or has been, we still have our Saviour's example, my boy. To get the child once again into the atmosphere of the church she used to love so much, will help her more than anything we could do for her. I am sure of it."

Mr. Durivage made no answer. He stood tapping the window-pane in an abstracted fashion quite unusual with him when his rector was speaking.

"I have carried you along in my heart every step of the way," the old gentleman went on, placing his hand on his companion's shoulder as he spoke, "and if it hadn't been that I knew the discipline you were undergoing was good for you, I should have been very unhappy. You see, Arthur, a man to know what he is talking about when called upon to comfort the afflicted, must have had a rousing good practical experience."

"Yes," Mr. Durivage replied still absently, "and so there must be a good deal more in store for me."

That evening, and the next evening, and the next, and the next, Elsie Dunreath, the girl who had been scandalized and deserted by most of the decent people in South Sydney, fitted about in the dim light of the sacred edifice, looking to Mr. Durivage like a spirit returned to a little while to fulfill some mission or work out a probation. In

her plain black dress, a black lace veil knotted simply over her golden hair, she seemed in perfect harmony with the place. Mrs. Leonard surprised the assistant rector by appearing in the chancel a very few moments after Elsie's arrival the first evening.

"I told husband I should come," she said to this gentleman, "because—well, because it will look better, that's all;" and to Elsie, poor, confused, trembling Elsie, she said simply, "I am glad to see you here, my dear. You haven't felt like seeing me when I called upon you, so I thought I'd drop in here and see how you were getting along."

And so the lady continued to drop in, and remained dropped until the decorations were completed. Mr. Durivage was active and successful in the matter of step and other ladders, and his jack-knife rendered valuable service. Mrs. Leonard sometimes wound a wreath, or wove a festoon under Elsie's direction, and the sexton, with whom Elsie had always been a favorite, and who had never been brought to believe anything to her discredit, notwithstanding the overwhelming evidence of appearances, hovered anxiously near, ready to execute any order however hard or hazardous.

"Are you glad or sorry you undertook this?" Mr. Durivage inquired one evening toward the close.

"I wish I could say I was glad!" she replied; "but I am neither glad nor sorry. I think I could be sorry, though, if any trouble were to come to you through my doing it."

"No harm will come to me," the gentleman replied. "Elsie!" he went on, looking straight into the eyes which his unusual tone had caused her to turn upon him, "do you remember what you said to me the first time I saw you after you had left your mother's house?"

"How should I remember?" the girl replied with a petulance unusual with her. "I probably said more than I meant to, and perhaps more than was true, but I have learned better since, Mr. Durivage."

"I only wanted to tell you that I hadn't forgotten," the minister answered; "and now, Elsie, if that anchor is ready, Mr. Litson and I will place it. It is the anchor of the soul, Elsie!" as he lifted the piece in question, "both sure and steadfast, my child!" and as he walked away he said softly to himself, "For this light affliction!" Ah! Paul knew how heavy these light afflictions were; and now aloud: "Come, Mr. Litson, let's place our beautiful anchor. Got the nails? All right! Steady now! A far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"What's that you said, Mr. Durivage?" the sexton inquired.

"I was talking about fruits, Mr. Litson."

"Oh! Hold on there! That's right!" the sexton responded. "Steady! Fruits? Did you know apples had gone up awfully, Mr. Durivage? I was telling my wife this morning that she'd better go slow on apples."

"Indeed!" the assistant rector responded; "but the fruits I was thinking about are dearer than apples."

"You don't say? What might they be?"

"The peaceable fruits of righteousness," was the astonishing reply; and now the sexton, divided between his desire to laugh, and his fear that a laugh would be inappropriate to the occasion, presented such a lugubrious countenance that Mr. Durivage could not restrain himself.

Elsie, at the other end of the church, lifted her eyes in wonder at the unusual sound, and a ghost of a smile flitted about the sensitive mouth; but the shadowy thing soon vanished, and when Mr. Durivage came back again, the smile had left his face also, and in its place was the old familiar expression of self-restraint and unutterable sympathy.

Every evening as soon as the church clock chimed ten, Elsie bade her friends good-night and started off alone on the unfrequented road. Mildred could not leave the child, and the girl would accept of no escort. The sexton begged to be allowed to take her home, but she would not permit it. She told the simple truth when she said she knew no fear; but there was one who feared for her, and who never turned back till he heard the door of the little cottage close. He was very careful that the girl should have no suspicion of the faithful footsteps that followed hers so closely. The nights were fortunately dark, and this unselfish service was known only to himself and his God, the kind Father in whom this good man trusted with all his heart.

And now it was Christmas eve. There were a few finishing touches to be put on hand at the usual time. Service was to be held at eight o'clock. But Elsie could not remain for this. How hard this was to bear, no one would have imagined who looked in the tranquil face of this girl, as she fitted back so nearly flushed. The great clock ticked heavily, slowly, every stroke seeming like a blow upon her heart. Mr. Durivage had looked her in and left her, and here she was all alone in the great church where she had once been so happy. It was fitting she should be alone, she told herself, for

this was the last time she should ever enter its doors. She hurried her final touches to the masses of evergreens twined round the railing and encircling the communion table—a place which held for her a new significance in the awful starvation of her heart and soul. Suddenly her self-control deserted her, and falling upon her knees where she had so often knelt in other days, she bowed her head upon the railing in convulsive sobbing.

A hand touched her shoulder. She sprang to her feet with a stifled gasping sigh—she was discovered, after all.

But it was none of the pitiless eyes of South Sydney which met her frightened gaze, but great, loving, hungry eyes that seemed to devour her at a glance.

"Harry!" the girl gasped. "Harry!" But she spoke her face in her hands, and buried her face in her hands.

"O Elsie! Elsie! I beseech you, do not turn away from me! Elsie, darling!" and now the poor girl, trembling between hope and fear, was drawn close to her husband's bosom.

"O Elsie! Durivage has brought us together again. He has done this, Elsie, our good, kind, faithful Durivage! but, O my darling, how shall I begin to make you understand all that has happened? But understand first of all, my love, my love, that I have not been to blame, except perhaps for doubting you when I was told that you were wicked and false, my darling!"

It seemed almost impossible for the man to go on. Tears were streaming down his face, and his whole frame was shaken by sobs that could not be repressed.

"Elsie, my father took money from the bank, and I found it out the day I left home. I went, Elsie, to save him, in case the defalcation should be made known, as it threatened to be at once. They would all think I did it, Elsie, if I ran away, you know."

"And your father?"—Elsie began, but her companion stopped her at once.

"Yes. There was a prospect that he could return most of the money, and then I was coming back. Elsie, I left you in my father's care, believing that he would protect you, if only for gratitude to me, you see. I sent letters to you, my darling, and I got no answers, but he kept them all, dear, he kept them all. Then my sister wrote me that you were guilty of an awful crime, and that your mother had driven you from your home, and that no one would notice you on account of it. It was hard to believe, and I don't think I ever did quite believe it; and then I was ill for months, Elsie, long, long months, away off, dearest, in South America, where I had made half money enough to pay my father's debt. I sent it home, and then—"

"O Elsie! if you have suffered, so have I, and you, O love! how you must have suffered! Why did I ask you to keep our marriage a secret? Why, why did I? And Elsie, tell me why you did not, to save yourself, break this foolish promise I insisted on?"

"Because," said the loyal woman, "I thought if a reason existed in the first place for this promise, it must still exist, and Harry, I would not have broken it if I had had a thousand times."

"I could not stay away so far, Elsie, and I wrote to my father of my return to New York, and then—then he told Durivage the whole story, and asked him to send for me."

At this crisis of affairs the lights in the church were turned up, and the doors were swung open, and here, too, was Elsie. The services began as usual and went on for awhile without any disturbance. Then at a word from the rector, the sexton went out and returned with the child, Elsie's child, the legitimate child of Harry and Elsie Thomas.

"We have gone out of our usual course a little on this occasion," Dr. Leonard remarked in his sweet, even voice, "for the purpose of baptizing this dear little child, the child of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Harry Thomas, and his true, loyal and loving wife, Elsie Thomas, formerly Elsie Dunreath. They were married two years ago in New York city by my friend, the rector of Grace Church."

With this Dr. Leonard sat down. Harry took the child in his arms, his wife stood at his side, and the infant was baptized. Then the assistant rector rose and addressed the crowded house.

He was very pale, and his eyes shone with a strange light, but he spoke like one inspired. "For our light afflictions," was the text he selected, and there were few dry eyes in the church when he took his seat again.

Mr. Thomas died the following day.

Wesley Church, Bath, Once More.

MR. EDITOR: Your paper is an excellent ally to us who are pastors, in all our varied duties. Permit me to occupy another small space in your columns, to advise our friends in reference to our work, prospects and needs. On May 26 our debt was \$9,322.78; we have received from friends outside of our own society, \$1,700; Capt. Chas. Davenport, of this city, giving \$500 of this amount, and Capt. John Patten and Capt. James Patten (both Congregationalists) each \$200; Capt. Goss, S. Dillaway, S. D. Bailey, all of Bath, each \$100; Miss Snow, of Brunswick, a Unitarian lady, \$100. Others have given us smaller

sums, and still others have promised to help us, but are not as yet prepared to state the definite amount. The Church Extension Society has voted us \$400, provided our Conference will raise its apportionment of \$800. This, of course, is but "a drop in the bucket;" but we need every dollar we can get legitimately, and I appeal to the pastors to lift a good collection this year and so help us out, and then we will help you when you get into a hard place. On Sunday, Dec. 17, Dr. A. McKewen, of Portland, was with us and gave us two grand sermons, filled with the marrow and fatness of the Gospel; we presented the cause in the public congregation, and our people came to the rescue in a manner that showed that the spirit of sacrifice was still alive in the church. Nearly \$5,000 was raised among our own people, in sums from \$500 down to \$1. More generous giving is rarely seen. The result of this day's work is a surprise to almost everybody in our city.

So our subscription has reached the encouraging figure of \$6,500. But there is some additional interest, to swell the original amount, and furthermore our pledges made on Sunday were all conditioned upon the whole amount being secured; so we still need a round \$3,000, in order to make a clean sweep. Our ladies' circle has already advanced \$500, and will assume the last \$500 of the remainder if the other \$2,500 can be secured at once.

It does seem to us if our friends who have the means know how we are struggling, they would come to our help. The noble effort of our people challenges the respect and admiration of our friends here who have doubted our ability to throw off this oppressive burden, and others are coming to our relief. Mr. Wm. Deering, of Chicago, has sent us \$50, and some friend or friends in Boston, who did not give their names, sent us \$25. Our current expenses for the Conference year are only \$1,500, and our sexton, a hard-working man, gives \$50—one-half of his yearly pay—towards the debt. Now, if in view of the past record of this church and its present needs, it is thought to be worthy of help, send it right along!

A. S. LADD.
Bath, Dec. 18.

MAINE.

Sister M. J. Clark, of New Jersey, is assisting Rev. C. Munger in revival services at East Livemore. Remarkable cases of conversion have already occurred, and the work is progressing very happily.

Lewiston is quite astir on the subject of temperance. The meeting last Tuesday evening in City Hall was full of purpose and enthusiasm. The addresses by the ministers gave no uncertain sound. The lax enforcement of the law was charged home upon the city government and the apathy of the people generally. Strong resolutions were enthusiastically adopted by a rising vote. The mayor presided. At the meeting the following evening to devise means for carrying the resolutions into effect, Rev. D. B. Randall presided and made one of his characteristic, clear, sharp addresses. Fruit is already growing out of this strong expression of public sentiment.

Rev. G. D. Lindsay, of Congress Street, Portland, who has edited a sprightly and newsy church paper, entitled *Monday Herald*, the past year, writes his valedictory in this week's issue, and gracefully yields the honors and emoluments of his office. The church interests are thriving in his tireless hands.

Mrs. McLaughlin, of South Boston, has been spending a few days this week in Portland in the interests of the W. F. M. Society and temperance. Her first address was before the union quarterly meeting of the W. F. M. Society in Congress Street Church, Mrs. Rev. J. N. Marsh presiding. Her temperance address was in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, which were filled. Mrs. McLaughlin is one of the most brilliant speakers on these themes, and is always enthusiastically received in Maine audiences.

The Bath Times says that the attempt to raise the debt of Wesley Church, Bath, last Sabbath, was in the highest degree successful. Of the \$8,264 still due on the church, \$5,204 was subscribed. Bro. Ladd, we give you congratulations.

Portland has organized a Children's Christmas Club, with the design of giving the poor children of the city one glimpse, at least, of good cheer each year. The good day for the unfortunate, yet-to-be-made happy children, is to come Dec. 28 this year. A supper is to be given in City Hall.

A meeting for the organization of a State Temperance Alliance is called, to be held in Lewiston, Feb. 22.

—Rev. W. H. Harper, Ph. D., the enthusiastic scholar of Chicago, in Hebrew, issues the December number of the *Hebrew Student*. It opens with an able article by Prof. E. B. Andrews, upon the "New Pentateuch Criticism;" has an exegesis and new translation of the second Psalm by Prof. O. S. Stearns, D. D., with other valuable short papers and interesting miscellany. The editor's address is, 84 and 86 Fifth Avenue, Chicago. \$1 a year.

portraits of the early laborers in the field, the venerable face of an uncle, Rev. David Leslie, who was one of the pioneers in the Indian mission. The book is an interesting addition to our mission literature.

CAIMINA CENTUM. for Sunday-schools and Gospel Meetings, by Rev. Samuel Morrison. Boston: J. M. Russell. A fresh collection of new and old melodies, arranged by one who understands the quality of the music required for the school and the social service.

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

ZION'S HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 27, 1882.

At this holiday season, when worldly minds, forgetful of Him who, despite their forgetfulness of His goodness, has crowned their lives with rich, unceasing benefactions, rush into whirlpools of folly, young Christians often feel strongly tempted to quit their Master's side and join hands with His enemies. To such, good Richard Baxter would say, "Set not thy mind, as Saul on the asses, when the kingdom of glory is set before thee." And it may be asked, why should heirs of immortal life consent, like children, to be "pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw?"

Dr. Franklin asked a question which reflected credit on his reputation for good common sense, when he said to Thomas Paine, the skeptic, "If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?" What, indeed, but reckless creatures immersed in sensuous pursuits, and exclaiming, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!"

He who is true to his God will be true to man, since He who said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," also said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Hence it follows that no disciple of Christ can sin against society until he first sins against his Lord. Spiritual life must be before ethical offenses can be committed. And when one secretly falls away from Christ, no matter how devoted one may have been, one is very likely to do wrong to one's neighbor, inasmuch as "he who is not true to God will, if his needs require and opportunity offers, be false to man. Trampling on his highest obligations, how can he be expected to respect those which are inferior?" George Herbert fairly stated the relation between loyalty to God and loyalty to man when he sang—

"Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue;
To God, his neighbor, and himself, most true.
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Uppin, or wrenching from giving all their due."

As a leaden sky, a sharp, piercing air, and pitiless squalls of rain, sleet or snow, make a day disagreeable, so do perpetual fretting, fault-finding and whining make a man or woman almost unendurable to others. Miss Mitford, who suffered almost intolerable neuralgia and other pangs for several years previous to her death, and was, nevertheless, always sunny and cheerful, wrote from her couch of helplessness this judgment of fretful people: "To me it seems that there must be a good deal of giving way in those persons who put on constant outward signs of languishing—a sort of perpetual whine, mental and bodily. It is quite as easy to be cheerful as to assume a dismal sort of patience, and very much better for all parties, the sick and the well." Perhaps in Miss Mitford's case temperament helped her to be cheerful, since her religious consolations were by no means abundant. But when one has faith there can be no valid excuse for indulging a fretful disposition, even under severe suffering. The voice of duty bids such persons to suffer, not whiningly, but "rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer." Surely, no Christian can be habitually fretful.

Writing to his friend, Sir George Beaumont, respecting his brother who had recently perished at sea, Wordsworth, after stating the sad fact, exclaims, "Alas! what is human life? This present moment." Was the poet right? Is human life, in truth, "the present moment?" It surely is, since, the past being dead, one does not live in that. At best it is like a dream of the night which cannot be dreamed over again. The future does not yet exist. The present, therefore, is only ours. How foolish, then, is he who, while idly regretting the past, or painting an imaginary future, obstinately refuses to suck honey from the present? The substance of life is, must be, in the present. What one gains of lofty thought, of noble purpose, of higher purity, of Christlikeness, must be the acquisition of some present, though passing, hour. Well and truly, therefore, does Holy Writ declare that "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Hence he who would truly live, must neither discount the future nor

regard his past as other than a lesson-book for the guidance of the present. "Life is the present moment."

"Fourteen years ago!" Was this the first instance of Paul's mention of such an extraordinary fact? Had he retained such a secret within himself for so long a time? Where was this Paradise?—how far away, and in what direction? How was he "caught up" thither? If "in the body," was this body transported to Paradise? If he was "out of the body," was he in the actual death state during his absence from it? How long was his stay in Paradise? In what language were those "unspeakable words" which he heard there? How great was the "abundance" of the revelations, and were they such as were seen or heard, or both? Why was there danger of his being unduly elated on account of them? Was such a temptation natural, and was it so probable as to necessitate the infliction of the "thorn in the flesh," whatever that was? Is it inferable, or not, that his great experience, on that occasion, was 'exceedingly glorious? Did such experience exert any special influence on his subsequent character and action? Did he ever desire or pray for a repetition of such an unearthly phenomenon? During those fourteen years, did he, in all his writings, conversations, or teachings, betray any sign or token looking toward such an astonishing episode in the history of this very remarkable man? Do we, or not, discern a glimpse of some connection between the wonderful panorama then passing before the apostle's vision, and some golden words years afterward penned by him to the Philippians? What was all the profound meaning of those words expressive of his longings "to depart and be with Christ?" And what was in his mind as he added that thus it would be "far better?" Had he once seen and heard and felt certain wondrous things, such as never before or after addressed themselves to the understanding of men while in this earthly tabernacle? If the apostle escaped being unduly elated by the "abundant revelations" of the heavenly Paradise, was he ever afterwards, however, a probably better man than before? Would this be the likely tendency with others who might be favored with similar revelations? Do eminently pious persons ordinarily crave to be subjects of such extraordinary manifestations? What was in the mind of the great Moses when he prayed, "O Lord, I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory?"

WHAT IS ITS SIGNIFICANCE?

We have just passed another Christmas festival. It has not only been celebrated as a Christian holiday by the great Roman Catholic body and the English Established Church, with its American daughter, but by an increasing number of independent Protestant bodies. On the preceding Sabbath tens of thousands of discourses were devoted to the marvelous birth in Bethlehem. Instead of waning, the interest in this accepted memorial hour increases as time goes on. Singularly enough at this period, when the most bitter attack is made upon the divine claims of Jesus Christ, when it is affirmed by some that evangelical religion is losing its grasp upon civilized society, the chief Christian festival, most expressive in its character, assumes a wider and more worshipful consideration than ever before.

How can we account for this? All other memorial days gradually lose their power to awaken enthusiasm. Even the birthday of the nation fails now to arouse any very marked emotion. The memories of Washington, of the beloved Lincoln, of the lamented Garfield, lose somewhat, yearly, of their power and pathos. How is it that Bethlehem, that insignificant Syrian village, still holds so fresh a place in the world's interest? How happens it that nineteen hundred years have not effaced the vividness of the memory of that wonderful night when angels sang to mortal ears the *Gloria in Excelsis*, and when one divine human Babe was born in the outer stalls of a caravansaray? What gives such a persistence to the force with which this incident overhauls all the destructive power of time, and asserts itself as positive? as if the event occurred in the present generation?

There is only one way of interpreting this fact. It is in vain to raise objections and suggest other theories. None of them are broad enough to meet all the facts involved. It is simply because this same Jesus of Nazareth and Bethlehem is living to-day, and is a vital Force upon the earth, as truly (and even more so) as when He appeared and walked among men. It is because He has constantly fresh advents in human hearts that His birth of the Virgin never loses its interest. The scene in Bethlehem has been constantly repeated all down the ages. Not only where two or three disciples are met together is Jesus, according to His promise, manifestly present, but to individual souls; to little children, with whom His kingdom is filled; to penitent and broken hearts; to the bereaved and wretched, has this same Christ, who ascended from the height of Olivet before the eyes of

His believers, appeared, working heavenly miracles of comfort and transfiguration. It is not because His face meets you in all the galleries of Christendom; because every leading incident of His life has been pictured; because the libraries of the world are full of Him; because nations bear His name and place His cross upon their banners; or because the Gospels of His apostles have preserved His life and words. Other men's faces hang upon the walls of palaces and private homes, and the lives and words of other men have been written for following generations, but Christ has no peer in human memories. Luther has no sacrament, and Wesley has no songs and special prayers on his birthday. How many can tell when the natal days of these great and good men occurred, without recurring to their dust-covered biographies? It is only because Christ, by the power of the Spirit, is mysteriously kept an abiding Presence upon earth, and is working more astonishing miracles to-day than when He healed the sick and cast out devils, that His birth and death are as fresh in our memories as when they occurred.

Go into ten thousand sick rooms where sufferers are tortured with pain, and see how quickly the name of Jesus and a prayer to Him bring a heavenly glow, such as that with which painters invest the head of Christ himself, upon the countenance. See, as in the instance of our revered brother Dwight, just departed, how that one Name recovers the soul from the clouds of delirium that veil it, and brings a great beam of sunshine upon the face. See in how many homes of abject poverty and wretchedness a wealth of comfort and hope comes, as the uplifted eye turns to the heavens which He entered, and the moving lips pronounce His name. Look at the amazing change which occurs as a self-abandoned child of appetite kneels at His altar, and helplessly rests upon the word of His promise. He rises renewed, in his right mind, as if born for the first time into life, and finds a victory over his habitual temptation and weakness, through Christ strengthening him.

This is it that keeps the date accepted as a memorial hour fresh in human respect and affection. It is right that it should be remembered. The world has had but one Saviour. Nations have had their special defenders; but Christ was the Son of Man. The child of Bethlehem was the Babe of all humanity. It was the High Priest of all infancy; the great Symbol of the divine love for our childhood and pledge of its redemption, if borne away in its irresponsible hours to the immortal life. Well may the children rejoice in it. The love of parents and their tender solicitude for their babes received a heavenly baptism in Bethlehem. It was the gifts that were laid at His feet, and not the mysterious regard of the strange horseman, in his frosty robes, who brings the tokens of affection to sleeping children, that opens the treasures of home, and fills the house with the songs of angels and the frankincense of hallowed love. It is the living, revealing, loving, divine Jesus, that keeps the Gospels sacred, the Lord's day hallowed, and Christmas a blessed and delightful memorial day.

THE SLEDGE-HAMMER ARGUMENT.

God's book about man—that is a good definition of the Bible. It is at least half a definition, and it is rare that the definer of large terms covers more than half. The Bible is also God's book about Himself as related to man; but the second half of the definition is implicit in the first. We find the description of God above our thoughts except as it narrates His "dealings with men. If it be true in account of us, we shall reverently receive its high revelations about God. If it is not true to us, we shall not believe its story of God. This ground the practical skeptic sees and tries to occupy. Mr. Ingersoll's ravings, reduced to logical consistency, mean that he disputes the accuracy of the Bible description of man. All that he says about "a bad God" is essentially to the same effect, since it claims that the Bible's God is less good than a sinful man.

This same ground is occupied by practical unbelief—or the resistance of sinners to the claims of God. This unbelief distrusts the Bible picture of sinners—"I am no such man," the unbeliever protests. Thus in both theoretical and practical infidelity we encounter the same challenge of Christian doctrine. This ground is the only territory in the whole domain of controversy which the pulpit cannot abandon. The men who hold up constantly in men's faces the Biblical picture of man, must stoutly maintain

that it is a perfect likeness. The task of contending about the application of science to Biblical texts and books may be left to lecturers and essayists; the veracity of the Bible's outlines and details of human nature must be vindicated by the preacher. If he holds this ground surely and thoroughly, the preacher is wise and wins souls.

The task may at times become difficult; not because the Bible is ever false to human nature, but because changes in circumstances, and misconceptions of historical facts, blind men to the truth of the story. Ingersoll makes much of such bewilderingments as arise from "a chosen people" being bloody in war. The fact is, however, that in all these cases the human nature is a genuine article. The chosen men behave in war as some of the Dutch Protestants (also "chosen" men and on the right side) behaved in the days of William the Silent—as badly as possible. The preacher's point is that the human nature, good or bad, is simon pure stuff. You may think that devils were masquerading on the earth as men; but if you will read Motley over again, or go out to the frontier and see how your own soldiers can massacre Indian women and babies, you will discover that the Jews in their wars were not devils, but just simply men. One thing at a time. First establish the true humanity of the worst men in the Bible. The modern world can surpass them in badness of type, and not half try. Almost any daily newspaper will give cases of crime or meanness that surpass the bloodiest and meanest men of the world. But preachers do well to prove the likeness. "Oh, of course I admit all that," cries the skeptic. But the wise preacher takes a leaf out of the court-room book of wisdom, and declines to suppress an overwhelming argument. The pulpit loses many a case by accepting admissions of this sort.

Some hearers were wont to complain that the late Jacob Knapp, the successful revivalist, used to say nothing but "things that everybody knew and nobody doubted;" but Jacob Knapp understood the human heart and used to undermine the stoutest skepticism with his "truisms." The first the skeptic knew of the attack was the discovery that he was no longer a skeptic, but a sinner in need of mercy. Let us never hesitate to be dull, or called dull, while we are establishing the truth of God's account of man. The "chosen" part of the Jewish question can be left for a separate treatment. It is quite possible that "chosen" means much more in one place than in another. During the late war a good many bad men were in an important sense "chosen"—that is, designated for special work in a good cause. And there were also "bummers" and vagabonds, who wore "chosen" on their uniforms and bloody lust in their bosoms. That bad men are somehow "chosen" to ride the suffering earth of worse men, looks very probable to a practical mind, but the "chosen" question cannot be so put as to break the force of the photograph of man's heart in the Bible.

The Bible affords a broad line of attack to any enemy seeking to break this line of defense. There is a great deal of humanity, set out in large type, in the Book. It abounds in narratives that are rapid and vivid. All sorts and conditions of men troop across its stage; and as all the multitude of characters are always doing something that is either right or wrong—coming before us only for some ethical purpose—every paragraph affords a point of attack if the Book is not divine. This is the issue in the practical argument: Find in all these narratives a bit of human conduct that is not natural to man; find a false appeal to human feeling or motive; find a man with a mask put on by the Book; and this false human nature must be shown to be a gloss by human hands. God's photograph of man is a sun picture of the race to which we belong in its typical features of character and conduct.

The preacher who at this season wins souls will in his own way use this sledge-hammer argument against the skepticism that is abroad in the land. He will not be afraid to prove what is admitted—to refresh the proof and set it out in broad day. And whenever he convinces men that "the old Book" paints a single man to the life, he will disperse their skeptical doubts. Every man must confess that such a Book has the right to claim divine authority over conscience, conduct and faith.

Let not the year go without its becoming heartfelt penitence for duties omitted and sins committed. How different the year has been passed from what we intended when it opened! Where are the early vows? How patient the divine Master has been with us! How many affecting reminders and warnings we have had! Others have gone to their long homes. We are spared; not for our services certainly. God be merciful to us

BRIEF MENTION.

—The Kendrick Loom Harness Company sends out a paragon suit to its readers as to their friends and patrons. Thanks for the one now hanging in our study!

—Dr. J. B. Robinson writes from Onarga, Ill., Dec. 16: "Rev. E. W. Chase, lately transferred from New Hampshire to Delaware Conference, passed at once to rest and reward on Monday, Dec. 11, at Seaford, Del."

—Mr. Tyerman, author of the elaborate "Life of Mr. Wesley," has just issued a life of Fletcher of Madeley, under the title of "Wesley's Designated Successor." It is favorably spoken of by our English exchanges. Mr. Wesley lived long after his "designated successor" reached his heavenly crown.

—The very able, moderate and sensible interpretation of the creed of Andover Theological Seminary, and its requisition upon the professors who teach it, read as an essay before the Essex North Association, and by its members requested for publication, has been issued, in a neat pamphlet, by Moses H. Sargent, Newburyport.

—President Arthur has done himself honor and a great service to his own countrymen, missionaries and men of business, in Persia, by the nomination of Rev. Dr. Henry H. Jessup, for many years a missionary in Syria, as our resident minister in Persia. He is familiar with both the language and Oriental characteristics.

—We are under obligations to President Beach for a copy of the Catalogue of Wesleyan University for 1882-83. The college now numbers 191 students in its different classes. Fourteen of them are ladies. The college has a large faculty and a very able one. Its endowment meets its current expense, and its educational facilities are generous. It still offers rare opportunities for munificent donors to add to its appointments. "To him that hath shall be given."

—Mr. Richard C. Morse, the devoted secretary of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. Association, issues again for next year, "Topics for Three Hundred Prayers—meetings, with Scripture Selections," for social religious services, for temperance and Sunday school exercises. This very suggestive and useful manual can be obtained by sending five cents for one copy, or thirty for a dozen, to the New York Association Rooms, cor. 23d St. and 4th Ave.

—The Magazine of Art for January opens with a finely illustrated poem by Edward W. Gosse—"The Cruise of the Rover." A pleasant paper, fully illustrated, follows, entitled "Art on Wheels," follows. Some of the other papers are, "Greek Myths in Greek Art," "Helen of Troy," "A Pre-Raphaelite Collection," "Hogarth's House and Tomb," "Nativity in Art," "Velasquez" (all illustrated)—with several chapters of art miscellany. Cassell, Peter, Galigny & Co., New York.

—In the short notice of the sudden and greatly lamented death of Dr. Weber, of Claremont, N. H., which appeared in our last paper, he is made to bear the title of "Rev." In the best sense of the word he might well wear it. He was a faithful witness to his Master, and a teacher, by precept and example, of righteousness for many years. He was, however, a man, a much-esteemed editor and publisher, greatly respected in the community as well as beloved in the church. His pastor, Rev. Henry Dorr, will prepare a full sketch of his life for our columns.

—We welcome the new Methodist Year Book for 1883, issued by Phillips & Hunt. It is crowded with everything about the Church and her institutions that Methodists ought to know, and others wish to have for reference. From the summary we learn that the M. E. Church increased last year its membership 7,361, and decreased its probationers 1,077—a subject for prayerful consideration. Its material increase in every department was large. The manual can be found at Mr. Magee's, and every Methodist family will want a copy.

—Dr. Butler has been delivering his lectures upon Mexico and India to large audiences at the West. A generous layman in Cincinnati, O., and another in Galena, Ill., paid all the expenses and opened their churches to free lectures by Dr. Butler. From the latter place the Doctor goes to Chicago to fill appointments there, made by Dr. McCabe. Two excellent lectures are accomplished—the means are rapidly gathering for Dr. Butler's tour to India, and the people are hearing two of the most instructive and eloquent lectures that have been delivered to Methodist audiences.

—The students of the School of Liberal Arts, Boston University, issue a Christmas number of their bright periodical—"The Beacon." It is full of the new Jacob Sleeper Hall, as would be expected. They heartily congratulate themselves and their successors on their ample accommodations. The special feature of the number is a fine portrait of their President, W. F. Warren, D. D., LL. D. Two weeks since, the students, at their social gathering, presented to the college a very well-executed and admirable life-size portrait of Dr. Warren. It will be an ornament to the walls of the building.

—The Art Amateur for January fairly overflows with designs, illustrations and practical suggestions for art work and home decoration. A superb portrait of the famous English painter, Francis Seymour Chantrell, is strikingly illustrated and sketched by Walter Shirley; a very interesting collection of miniatures by Cosway, and a double page of Salmagundi Exhibition sketches, are notable features of this number. The illustrations of Volkmann include, artistic furniture and pianos, tapestry, needlework and jewelry are especially good. Practical articles on fan painting, miniature painting, china painting and art needlework are given, together with valuable "hints for the home" and "answers to correspondents." Montague Marks, publisher, 23 Union Sq., New York. \$4 a year.

—How singular the economy of Congress, which lavishly bestowed eighteen millions upon questionable internal improvements and public buildings, but now refuses two millions for a library building in Washington, the need of which has been long felt! Thousands of valuable books and manuscripts belonging to the congressional library are piled up where they can be of no service for consultation, and are liable to injury from fire and neglect. But such a building affords no special benefit to the constituents of honorable members, or appropriations of money to expend among them. It is to be hoped that a sober second thought will yet, in the present session, permit this important matter, the subject of so many favorable reports, to have a candid hearing, and a commencement to be made for its construction.

—The New Englander for January has a specially inviting list of papers upon fresh themes. The first is the translation of an answer of Dr. H. Urie to Prof. Wandt, on "Spiritism as a Scientific Question." Rev. B. Hart writes upon "Conditions of Belief;" Rev. J. B. Thrall upon "Swedenborg as a Theologian and Seer;" Rev. J. M. Whitton upon "Darwin and Darwinism;" Prof. N.

G. Hopkins on the "Preservation of the Classic Texts;" Austin Bierbower on "St. Thomas Aquinas, or Scholastic Philosophy and Modern Theology;" Rev. A. C. Sewal writes upon Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics;" Rev. Dr. Geo. Moor upon the "Pilgrim Line of Theological Progress;" Hon. Frederick J. Kingsbury upon "St. Luke—Physician, Painter and Poet;" Rev. F. H. Bardick upon "A Popular Fallacy," which is the dictum of evolution, that "development proceeds from the indefinite to the definite, and from simplicity to complexity." The number, which is an excellent one, closes with a chapter upon current literature. Published by W. L. Kingsley, New Haven.

—The Princeton Review, for January, opens with an able paper on the "Revision of the Tariff," by David A. Wells, LL. D., D. C. L.; and Prof. Francis Bowen has a paper upon "An Early American Copy of the Scriptures;" James Fairbanks Colby writes of "Disfranchisement for Crime;" Prof. Allen gives a second article upon the "Theological Renaissance of the Nineteenth Century;" Henry J. Van Dyke, Jr., writes upon "Art and Ethics;" and Sheldon Ames, LL. D., upon the "Latest Irish Legislation." 47 Park Avenue, New York.

—The Springfield Republican relates an amusing experience of a Westfield policeman, who took an insane man to the hospital at Northampton. He went to the room with his patient, and sat awhile conversing with him. When he rose to go, he found the door locked, and the attendant would not release him, insisting upon it that he, also, was a madman. Finally the committed insane man vouched for his attendant that he was all right, and showing his official badge, he was discharged.

—We have received a package of remarkably beautiful holiday cards, both as to design and execution, from Forbes Company, 181 Devonshire Street, Boston. The company has the agency of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, the London publishers. These cards bear the name of the Royal Academy, from the fact that many of them are designed by its members. They are specially attractive. They are better calculated to meet the popular taste than those in which the significance is veiled in some subtle symbol, or not readily-interpreted sentiment. These beautiful cards, in brilliant colors, bear their mottoes or mottos upon their fronts, and carry the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy New Year" wherever they go.

—The Vermont branch of the W. C. T. U. have been accomplishing excellent service in that State for the cause. They were very efficient in securing a statute by the late Legislature, requiring the study of physiology and hygiene in the public schools, and the giving of special prominence to the effects of stimulants and narcotics upon the human system. They also labored for the defeat of the constitutional amendment, which excepts cider and wine from its provisions. They would rather wait ten years longer, keeping a prohibitory law on their statutes, than to have a constitutional enactment licensing the use of wine and of cider. God speed the women in their noble crusade!

—It is singular how tender certain senators are in regard to the whiskey dealers. Senator Sherman, of Ohio, would crowd aside the Civil Service or the Bankrupt bill, or any other, to relieve these immense and wealthy corporations, dealing in the ruin of our citizens, from paying two years' interest on their bonded stocks. Well might Senator Edmunds express his astonishment that these whiskey distillers, in any way, should seem to have a special community of their interests with the law. They, indeed, are also seeking for the reduction of the tax on alcoholic liquors—a tax which is purely laid on luxuries—while the community is oppressed with the weight of the tariff and taxes upon the necessities of life. The whiskey men will have to "wait a little longer."

—The Boston Methodist Social Union had a very interesting meeting on Monday evening, Dec. 18. The students of the School of Theology of Boston University—some sixty in number—with the professors of the University, were invited to be present. They gathered in Wesleyan Hall, a very large and happy company. The loaded tables, handsomely spread, at once relieved all anxiety as to material provisions, and the rare wit and abundant wisdom of President Green gave ample promise of the intellectual feast that was to follow. The speaking was excellent. The president excelled himself, and was followed by Dr. Clark, Rev. Elijah Horr, Dr. J. W. Hamilton, and Prof. Loring. The thoughts of the speakers were suggested by the presence of the young ministers, and their words were cordial, loyal to truth and the church, and full of practical suggestions drawn from experience and observation. The chaplain of the evening was Rev. D. P. Leavitt and Rev. N. G. Axtell. Rev. Dr. Bolton led in the hearty offering of praise. The opening of the new year will afford our lay brethren of members not connected with the Union a favorable time to join. The Union meets the third Monday evening in the month.

—Pilgrim's Day was duly honored with festivals and addresses in Brooklyn and New York city, and in Boston and Plymouth. The latter was a town celebration. In the opening exercises the following hymn, written by Gov. Long for the occasion, was sung:—

"Almighty God, to Thee we raise
Our hymn of thankfulness and praise,
Within the hollow of whose hand
The pilgrim sought his promised land!"

"Not the rich pastures of the vine
Flowing with honey, milk and wine,
But bleak shores swept by storm and sea,
Their rude sole welcome,—thou art free!"

"With corn he wooed the sullen soil,
But more with learning, home and toil,
Till now no vineyard of the sun
Blooms like the wilderness he won."

"Inspired by faith, in purpose great,
He steadfast set his cheek and feet,
Made them to stand against flood and shock,
For both he built upon the Rock."

"One taught—let to God and conscience true—
More light to seek, the right to do;
The other brooded to the span
Of man's equality with man."

"Children of fathers such as he,
Be ours their true nobility!
Lords of the realm, they served its growth;
To serve—be still the freeman's oath!"

—The North American opens with a symposium upon the "Revision of Creeds," by Dr. Newman Smyth, Dr. Lyman Abbott and Henry Ward Beecher. Nothing very radical is suggested. The first writer, thinks the Apostles' Creed might be a common nucleus, or what is better, that every church creed should be made more catholic in its interpretation. The second thinks the hour has hardly come for restatements, but would permit the divine life in the soul a full scope of development. Mr. Beecher has little love for creeds anyway. A good paper, without much that is new in it, is given upon "University Education for Women," Prof. L. L. Rice gives a fresh "Definition of Liberty." Gilbert M. Tucker stoutly defends our American English. Dr. H. W. Thomas writes characteristically upon the "Responsibility of Progressive Thinkers"—a chapter out of his own experience. Dr. David Hunt protests vigorously against "Bigotry in the

Medical Profession," and Charles T. Congdon has a very fresh and readable article upon "The Adulteration of Intelligence."

—The Michigan Christian Advocate announces the very serious sickness of Dr. Cocker of Michigan University. He has acute pneumonia, and his case is regarded as "almost hopeless."

—We have received a large, and a miniature, calendar for 1883, from the well-known printing house of Alfred Mudge & Son, 34 School St., very tastefully executed.

—The efforts of the friends of Lucius W. Pond to secure his pardon were successful. He was released from prison on Christmas morning, and went to his home a free and a happy man. It was a blessed Christmas to his wife and daughter. He enjoyed also a hearty welcome from the citizens of Worcester.

—The publisher of the Gospel in All Lands issues a Missionary Almanac, for 1883, which is crowded with valuable statistics and lists of missionaries, with the officers of different missions, the latest publications in mission themes, and with mission maps. It will be exceedingly convenient for reference. Price, 25 cents. Eugene R. Smith, publisher, New York city.

—The streets of Boston on Christmas morning were as quiet and devoid of the symbols of business as on the Sabbath. The Episcopal and Methodist churches had their religious Christmas services, generally, on the Sabbath; the Roman Catholic and Episcopal on Monday. It is wonderful how this day, from its bare association with the Divine Babe, is enforcing its own observance throughout Christendom.

—A thoughtful and gracious divine of our church offers this criticism on the sermon published a week since:—

"Your editorial remark led me back to page 2 of this week's Herald. I have just read Bro. Johnston's sermon from Luke 15: 22. These questions were suggested: 1. Is it a criticism on Christ's putting of the case? If not, what inference can we draw? 2. Some good points were made, but to them they were from the text as Christ puts it? 3. Ought we the conversion and redemption of abandoned sinners to be a source of joy to the church? If not, how are we to ourselves, Luke 15: 1-10? Was Christ in error here again by teaching that in heaven there is more joy over one repentant sinner than over ninety-nine just persons who need no repentance?"

—The loss of money by late bank frauds is sad enough. The oppressive and discouraging feeling that the hard-earned savings of years are swept away in a moment by the reckless acts of a bad man, or the keener sense of dependence and want occasioned by them, is painful enough to give a lasting emphasis to these heartless and criminal courses. But as bad as all this is, there is something worse, and that is the loss of the man himself; the irreparable sacrifice of character, the blasting of a reputation, and the burdening of a family with a dishonored name. How terrible to have the curses of an outraged business community resting upon the head! It is a thousand-fold worse than the prison or than death. There are men, now, self-banished from their homes and country, who might have been leaders in the business affairs of the land, and made their lives benefactions in the churches with which they were connected and the societies in which they moved. God is merciful and may forgive their sins; but there is no social recovery from this in this world. They have committed the unpardonable crime against character, and their names will always be by-word. Will our young men think of this? What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose himself? He loses this, the world to come, and the society of men himself; the irreparable sacrifice of character, the blasting of a reputation, and the burdening of a family with a dishonored name. How terrible to have the curses of an outraged business community resting upon the head! It is a thousand-fold worse than the prison or than death. There are men, now, self-banished from their homes and country, who might have been leaders in the business affairs of the land, and made their lives benefactions in the churches with which they were connected and the societies in which they moved. God is merciful and may forgive their sins; but there is no social recovery from this in this world. They have committed the unpardonable crime against character, and their names will always be by-word. Will our young men think of this?

—In the midst of life we are in death." A little more than a year since, the editor of this paper married the daughter of a cousin, Miss Bertha B. Russell, of Arlington, Mass., a great granddaughter of the late Judge Bradford Kinney, of Plainfield, Vt., to Mr. Arthur Swan—two beautiful and loving young persons who had been acquainted with each other from childhood. The year has passed in unalloyed enjoyment. Mr. Swan had a large circle of very affectionate friends, of which she was the delight and pride. Never did life seem to be opening with better promise than before this happy young couple. Last Wednesday, Mrs. Swan went out in a sleigh, with a driver, to distribute her Christmas gifts among her friends. The horse was somewhat restive and she became quite nervous. Just as she approached her home, becoming very excited, she rose in the sleigh, against the remonstrance of the driver, to get out. The horse suddenly started. With her Christmas gifts in her hands, she fell out backwards, and striking her head, became at once insensible. In less than an hour she ceased to breathe. She was utterly unconscious of the act of dying, or of the terrible grief of her family who stood around her. She was not, for God took her. Her Christmas was the vision of the Lord Himself, and her gifts, the immortal treasures of heaven. How tender and impressive are these lessons! They break in upon our habitual forgetfulness like a clap of thunder in a clear sky. There is no order in dying. The feeble linger, and the young and vigorous drop away without warning. The only safety is in being always "ready." There is only one comfort in such a sorrow, and that is the divine one. The Hand that permitted it alone can solace the bruised heart.

We look up with tear-dimmed eyes, and wonder, and try trustfully to whisper, "He doeth all things well." Certainly it is well with the sweet, translated spirit, and this sudden affliction is included in the "all things" that will work together for good in the lives of the deeply-bereaved parents and husband, if they fail not in their love and trust.

The Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.

NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT.

East Falmouth.—Here things are looking up. There is more interest in the social meetings, the Sunday-school is increasing, and finances are easier. Bro. McVey is enjoying his work.

Falmouth.—No pastor here yet. The Sunday-school meets regularly, and social services are maintained. The few earnest brethren here are purposing to make an especial effort for the next Conference year.

West Falmouth.—All is very quiet here, with little prospect of change.

Pocasset.—This small church has suffered a loss of members and of means by removal from the place. The Sunday-school, however, is doing well, and has made a liberal addition to its library.

Monument.—Thrift characterizes every department of the work of this church. The proposed additions to

their house of worship. When one of the prettiest church homes all but one or two by the trustees, debt.

characterize
work of
addition

vicinity. Now Bro. C. J. Fowler, New Hampshire evangelist, is assisting in the work, which promises glorious

The health of Rev. G. A. Morse of Pawtucket, which was so feeble for several weeks, is better than for a

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The Family.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY MYRA A. GOODWIN.

I will not give you a tear, Old Year,
Not a backward glance of sorrow;
Though you take much that was dear, Old Year,
There's joy in the coming morrow.
There are songs of glad and buds as sweet
In the coming summer weather;
The new year may hold more joy complete
Than you and I had together.

I have laid away the best, Old Year,
Each flower in your bosom hidden;
Your grave shall cover the rest, Old Year,
Every thorn that sprang unbidden;
I only remember smiles of love,
The song when the night came o'er me,
The eyes of the stars that shone above,
When the way seemed dark before me.

A farewell kiss for you now, Old Year,
For the moments are swift and few;
From the mould on your cold brow, Old Year,
Will glow the sweet blooms of the new.

Ah, who is this strong one drawing near,
Such blossom and fruitage bringing?
I look in your eyes of love, New Year,
And know why the bells are ringing.

A WORD OF TESTIMONY.

BY MRS. M. D. WELLCOME.

I have believed for many years that it was obligatory upon us to declare the loving-kindness of the Lord toward us, that His name may be honored and His grace exalted. The subject of faith-cures is greatly agitated at the present time, and there are two extremes into which many are running. We would not censure the rush of hundreds afflicted with all manner of diseases to one man for the anointing and prayer of healing, the throwing aside of crutches long time essential, and the laying off of protectives from diseased lungs prematurely, but its propriety is questioned. On the other hand, the stand taken by others in opposition to the entire matter of faith-cures, utterly ignoring the whole thing, not admitting one case as genuine on this basis, is an extreme view wholly untenable. Many incontrovertible facts disprove it.

But it was not to argue the question, *pro nor con*, that I took my pen, but as simply and briefly as possible to state the circumstances of my own restoration to perfect health without the use of medicine.

In my article of more than a year ago, "The Gospel of the Flowers," I stated that I had been an invalid several months of the year for five years, obliged to stay indoors most of the time during cold weather, suffering from attacks on my lungs and a severe cough, each year the attack being more severe and protracted, so that many, with myself, thought it very doubtful if I survived another season. Under the influence of a blessed baptism of the Spirit one year ago last winter, I entered upon an experience wholly new and in some respects indescribable. It was brought into such a union with Christ as never before. I felt an intense desire to depart and be with Him, that I might behold Him with open vision. I was in perfect sympathy with the feelings of Paul as thus expressed—"willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord."

In August I went to Old Orchard for a part of two days, to attend Dr. Cullis' meeting. As soon as I sat down—meeting was in session—Sister M., who was in the seat in front of me, turned around, and grasping my hand, said, "Sister W., how glad I am to see you here! I heard but recently of your ill health. Now you ought to be healed and at work for the Master as you used to be. Don't you believe in faith-cures?"

"Oh, yes, I believe in them, but I don't want to be healed. I think my work is about done, and I am waiting, longing for my departure."

She was, of course, surprised at such a statement, for almost everybody wants to live longer here, and she replied that I ought to desire life and health in order to do good. It was not the time for further conversation then, but afterward this devoted Christian laborer sought to persuade me to seek by prayer and faith for restoration; but I was fully convinced that the Lord had been preparing me for Himself, and I felt like a traveler who with trunk packed was waiting for the coach.

In October I felt very consciously for two weeks the influence of some one's prayers. Then this text was given me, and it rang in my heart for days: "Who healeth thy diseases?" and it was as though a voice spoke to me, "You may claim it if you will." I daily responded, "I do not want to be healed." There came a morning when I felt reproved, when it was clearly shown to me that I had a will of my own in the matter, and this must be yielded. Then for the first time I took the matter to the Lord in prayer, not to choose, but to submit. I said, "Lord, I choose neither life nor death; choose Thou for me; glorify Thyself; Thy will be done."

From that hour I have had no will as before, but have all the time felt with Paul, "willing rather to depart." The preference was there, but like him I did not choose, but left it wholly with the Lord. The text referred to was then taken away, and this given me instead: "I shall not die, but live, and declare the loving-kindness of the Lord." It rang in my heart for days, and seemed to be a token indicative of the Lord's choice.

Restoration to perfect health shows that it was such. I went out during the entire winter; changes of weather had no effect upon me, and I can now say that rarely, if ever, have I enjoyed

such vigor of health, and never were my lungs stronger than during the present year. At first friends were fearful that I was only enjoying temporary relief, but when I had passed safely through the winter and early spring months, they said, "It is wonderful; it must be of the Lord." Yes, I do know that it is all of Him, and I believe it to be in answer to the prayers of dear Sister M., whom I afterwards learned had, after our meeting at Old Orchard, daily presented me by name before God, pleading for my restoration, that I might labor in the vineyard as in former years.

Well, "for me to live is Christ," and I hold myself in readiness for any service that I can do in every available way. I find it all around me, and rarely a day passes that I do not endeavor in some way, either with pen or voice, to work for my Lord. I know that to Him I am fully consecrated; that from the depths of my heart I can say, "Work in me to will and to do of Thy good pleasure."

Now in this case I have narrated there is no similarity to any other I have known or heard of. I did not seek for healing—did not desire it. I only consented to it, if such was the will of my God. It has not, therefore, come to me by imagination, or will-power of my own, as has been claimed for many others, but in answer to the prayer of faith offered wholly without my knowledge by one who makes no claim to the gift of healing.

"The prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise them up," but every Christian, however holy, cannot offer that prayer; it must be a special gift, an inspiration of faith for the occasion, and cannot be offered for every one. A person may offer it for some one individual, and never be able to offer it on behalf of any other. Yet we do believe that there are Christians who are called of God to this specific work, as was Dorothy Trudel, Zeller and others, to whom belong "gifts of healing." The danger lies not only in persons making this claim whom God has not called, but with those who have been specially honored, by carrying it to an extreme and thus bringing the whole matter into disrepute. There is great danger of fanaticism and presumption, and there is need of great carefulness lest that be called faith which is simply will, without any Holy Ghost power.

THE END IN VIEW.

The hours move onward to the end. We stand within the fading light. And feel the shadows melt and blend. The short day melts to early even. The earth seems gathered into heaven. And all things whisper of the end.

I think the work is nearly done! We fold away the finished task. And weary, do not care to ask. If fresh successes might be won. When we are tired and give the best. If it but yield us time for rest— I think the work is nearly done!

It is the closing of the year; The months from which we hope so much Have glided from us at our touch. As pass all things we hold most dear. What can we do but let them go? December knows not June's rich glow. It is the closing of the year.

The journey's end is almost gained. The hills are climbed, the valleys trod, We see the city of our God, And leave the thorns and stones that pained; And through the mists we see our home, And hear our loved ones calling come! Courage! the end is almost gained.

It is the evening of our life, Down into weakness sinks our strength, And hand and hands, tired out at length, Can take no part in all the strife. Vigor and power and health at last Are treasures numbered with the past. It is the ending of our life.

What matters it? In God's hereafter A true existence glows and calm, And stately as a rhythmic psalm. That knows not jar of sigh or laughter, Shall as His crowning gift be given— After this life there is enough heaven! Are we not glad of that hereafter?

Marianne Farningham.

Our Girls.

MORE BLESSED TO GIVE.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

"No, I'm not glad at all," said Belle, "not one bit."

"Not glad that Christmas is coming?" said Eustace, quite unable to comprehend such an astonishing speech.

"No, not one bit," re-asserted Belle. "What does it all amount to? Gaudy Christmas trees, unlike anything in heaven or on earth, toys, candy, books—why, I've had so many Christmas presents that there is nothing new to have, and one year's things are just like the last, only different people give you different things, and perhaps, after all, the very things you want are the ones that nobody thinks of and you have the mortification of seeing some one else get just what you had set your heart upon."

"I'm sure I always like my presents," said Eustace; "and Christmas is a holiday, that's one thing that makes it grand; for Eustace shared the usual school-boy aversion to school days."

"Yes, I suppose it's well enough for boys; they can go skating and slide down hill and do lots of things. I used to like Christmas, too, when I was little [Belle did not look very big now], but I'm sick of it; it's always just the same, and of the two I'd rather go to school and have fun with the girls."

Eustace could not at all understand her, but then he did not try very hard.

When he first came to the uncle's, that he might attend school, he had puzzled a good deal over the airs and graces of his city cousin, but he had given her up as an unguessable conundrum, liking her perhaps all the more for her incomprehensibility. He was going to take her home with him for his winter vacation, and it was in discussing the plans for this expected pleasure that the above dialogue occurred.

Belle was an only child, whose parents had spared no pains to gratify every wish and to load her from her earliest

infancy with everything that could conduce to her health, happiness and pleasure. Every Christmas eve her stockings had been filled to overflowing by Santa Claus, as for some years she devoutly believed; and since she had outgrown that myth, her plate at the breakfast table on Christmas morning was literally buried by piles of books, *bijouterie*, and nicknacks of every description; she had had Christmas trees at home, and attended Christmas entertainments abroad; secular teachers and Sunday-school teachers had given her Christmas gifts, and every one had endeavored, since the time when she was old enough to lip the word, to make the Christmas festival as gay and happy as it could possibly be for the little girl. The consequence was, that Belle was tired of everything—*blasé*, as the French express it—and even the prospect of spending Christmas in the country gave her no pleasure, except in the idea of taking a journey and seeing her aunt and cousins.

School closed that year several days before Christmas, and the very moment they were free, the children set off for Eustace's country home; Belle's father and mother seeing them safely on the cars, and repeatedly charging their daughter to enjoy herself and have a good time. It was great fun to travel with only her cousin as escort, and it made her feel quite like a grown-up young lady.

Just at nightfall they reached Ponkake, where a large sleigh piled with furs and blankets awaited them. Among the furs nestled innumerable children, great and small, who all hugged their heretofore unknown cousin, wishing her "Merry Christmas," and giving her a warm welcome. They all chattered at once all the way home; the coming Christmas, of course, supplying an inexhaustible fund of conversation.

"I'm so glad Belle has come. She'll be able to tell me just how to finish mamma's toilet cover."

"O Belle, don't you tell Eustace, but we've each made some pretty thing for his room, and Christmas eve father'll take him to the village, and we'll all go in and fix it up just like fairy-land. You'll help, won't you?"

"I just want to show you my screen. It's to shade father's eyes from the light. I made it all myself, but it is not quite finished. Eustace was to bring the mountings from the city. You'll be able to tell me just how they ought to go, I'm sure."

"Isn't it nice to have Belle here? We can each tell her all our secrets and about the presents we've made for each other, and we can put all our things in her room as fast as they are finished, and she won't let any one see them that should not, will you, dear?"

Such was some of the talk as it reached the visitor in confused fragments; and two things struck Belle, as she listened: first, that no one seemed to be speculating as to what Christmas was to bring him or her; and second, that all seemed to take it for granted that she was as much interested in giving as they were.

They were busy days, those that preceded the great Christmas birthday, and Belle found herself quite carried along by the general tide of delightful mystery, and even commenced some small ventures on her own account, which, as she was not a great adept at needle work, and had commenced altogether too late in the day, were not a great success.

Christmas eve came all too soon for those whose preparations were not in a state of completeness. One after another slipped into the closed parlor with honorably shut eyes, and deposited their small packages directed in large round characters; and Belle, being a sort of neutral ground, was very useful upon this occasion. The children had taken the possession of papa's study, and when the two bright rooms were thrown open, the old-fashioned Christmas tree, lighted with wax candles and hung with strings of pop-corn, failed to attract attention till the graceful oak-bough, hung across the study window in imitation of the yew of the old world, had been admired by the parents, for whom it had been prepared. Suspended from its stout trunk were gifts from each one of the country minister's children, mostly the work of their own hands, the materials having been supplied from the few pennies called "pocket money" obtained by them. Yet surely no costly city Christmas gifts ever excited so much delight, not so much in the parents, though they gave full praise, as in the children, each of whom seemed brimming over with Christmas joy.

It was the same way in the parlor around the Christmas tree where everybody had been remembered by every body else. Such little gifts as were needed—needles, books, pen-wipers, knitted wristlets, and crocheted scarfs—but loving consideration of the tastes and desires of those to whom they were given was apparent, and the joy of giving was even greater than that of receiving. There was a box of elegant and beautiful presents sent by Belle's parents to herself and her cousins, and the little girl really enjoyed much more highly the comparatively small gifts for the others than the elegant ones for herself. It seemed to put her on the level of the little givers, each of whom had remembered her.

Christmas day came, and after the morning service in the church and the moderate Christmas dinner to which the healthy country appetites imparted a special flavor, the great celebration of the day began. This consisted in the packing and distributing of six large baskets for certain poor families whose lives were blessed by the children of the parsonage. Every one had a share in the work, which was made possible and greatly helped by the different Christmas donations sent in to the minister by various members of the congregation.

We have not space to record the various visits paid by the little flock—to Jan, the crippled shoemaker, to old blind Betty and her sick granddaughter

who took care of her, to Widow Brown and her four small children, and to all the rest. Nor can we tell of the thanks bestowed upon the young folks, the eyes that brightened at their coming, and the loving looks cast at the happy faces. How busy those children were, packing and unpacking, setting out tables, warming up messes of pie and pudding, and wrapping up feet and rheumatic limbs in comfortable blankets.

Belle shared with alacrity in all the pleasant work. Her eyes flashed, her cheeks glowed, and it was not at all with a *blasé* expression that she answered Eustace's question as they walked homeward in the gathering twilight over the crisp snow.

"Yes, indeed, I am glad that Christmas has come, and that I came here. I never had such a grand Christmas in all my life."

"Belle," said her uncle, to whom Eustace had repeated her words, "do you know why you have enjoyed this Christmas day so much? It is because you have had fellowship with Christ, the great Christmas Giver, and have learned the secret of even His greatest happiness. It is more blessed to give than to receive."

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Do you hear the bells a-ringing,
Loud and long?
Do you hear the choir a-singing,
Joyful song?
Do you know the wonder-story,
How the Lord of life and glory,
Came to earth (oh, blessed story!)
All for love?

Have you heard how noble sages
Long ago,
Versed in all the lore of ages,
From the Orient came gift-laden
To the holy Son and Maiden
Blessed One?
And, with myrrh and spices laden,
Worshipped there?

And the Star that beckoned ever,
Day and night—
Have you heard of that, and never
How it led them, surely, slowly,
To the stable, humble, holy,
All around?
To the Christ-child led them slowly
Day by day?

And how shepherds, sleeping, dreaming,
On the ground,
Woke in fear at glory streaming
From the East?
And how angels sang the story,
"Glory in the highest, glory!"
Sang the wonderful glad story
Of His birth?

Blessed Babe! in Bethlehem's manger
Smiling there,
Knowing naught of life's dread danger,
Or its care,
Hast Thou thoughts of heaven's glory?
Does Thy mother, bending o'er Thee,
Dream that from Thy highest glory
Thou art sent?

As you o'er the story wondered,
Of His birth—
As the mystery you pondered—
On the cold, dark, dreary night,
Have you never thrilled with gladness,
And the day been robbed of sadness,
All the day been full of gladness,
Without tears?

For that Babe of Virgin Mother,
Heaven's Son!
Is to all the world a Brother,
Blessed One!
We will, therefore, give Him ever
Faith and love and best endeavor—
For His tenderness forever
Shall endure!

—Independent.

VICTOR HUGO.

Edward Glover Niles, a young Boston art student in Paris, in a private letter to his father, dated Veules en Caux, writes as follows about the celebrated French author:—

"In my last letter I forgot to mention that Victor Hugo, the great French author, is staying here—not here at the hotel, but with some friends of his who have a summer house in the town. He has been here about two weeks, and, of course, is the object of a great deal of attention. You know how crazy the French people are over even small things; but in everything connected with the name of Victor Hugo they are perfectly wild with enthusiasm. They actually worship him, and would simply cut their heads off to serve him in any way, and would feel proud in so doing."

"Yesterday (Sunday) I saw one of the prettiest sights I have ever seen. It was a dinner which the old Victor Hugo gave, and when you saw the children of Veules at the table with them. It was a sight which I shall never forget; it was something that could not fail to bring tears to the eyes of any man. All the children were young—not one of them over seven years; and they were chosen from among the most deserving poor of the town. There were about a hundred of them, and they were seated at two long tables in the large dining-room at Pelletiers, and Victor Hugo's seat was in the midst of it all. The room was very prettily decorated with ivy and a great many flags, and there were flags all over the place. The open fireplace was filled with flowers, so that the room looked very pretty. You should have seen the old gentleman play with the children next him at the table—it was grand! There was one little girl on his right, and he kept putting cakes and sweets down her back and into her bosom; this made her angry, and he had to say nice things to her and kiss her to make it all right, and the minute she was in a good humor he would do the same thing again."

"After dinner there was a lottery; every child was given a ticket, and they all drew something. There were about a hundred prizes in all—seventy of one franc, thirty of two francs, and others of five, ten, and twenty francs, and one grand prize of one hundred francs. These, of course, were awarded judiciously so that those who were most in need of the money received the largest prizes, though there was a pretence of its being entirely a matter of chance. The grand prize was given to a little boy named Victor Hugo, and when he was brought forward in his mother's arms to receive the prize all the children in the room cheered; and when the little fellow took the money from Victor Hugo, and when he was held down to be kissed by Victor Hugo, the great tears started from the mother's eyes. Then he kissed the child again and shook hands with the mother. After this Victor Hugo and all the children were photographed in a group in front of the hotel; and just at the last minute F. and I went round to the rear of the group and were taken in the rear. The photographs are

not finished yet, but you shall have one when they are."

SUSTAINED.

"In the shadow of His hand."

BY EMILY ELEMENS PEARSON.

Hide in the shadow of Thy hand,
What would'st Thou, Lord, of me?
Why is this loving-kindness shown?
What can I do for Thee?

A cup of water in Thy name
To many a thirsty one
I'd give, and so Thy blessing claim,
Of comforting Thine own.

I'd bear glad tidings far and near
To tempted ones and tried;
And with Thy blessing on Thy word,
Thou wilt be glorified.

Hide in Thy hand, O Shadow blest!
Still keep me by Thy grace,
That others I may win to Thee,
Until I see Thy face!

The Little Folks.

THE EVERGREEN WREATH;
Or, Mily's New Year's Gift.

It was three weeks before Christmas, but the Widow Bertram's little cottage on the edge of a lonely forest, in the northern part of Maine, was fragrant with the spicy odor of pine, holly and hemlock, great branches of which were heaped upon the floor of the small kitchen, while Mily's little fingers were tired enough of breaking off the prickly twigs, and making them into bunches for her mother and brother Jim, who deftly twined them into graceful garlands, wreaths and festoons; for soon there would be a call from the great cities for Christmas greens, with which to deck their homes and churches; and the Bertrams hoped by supplying this need to earn money enough to keep them comfortable through the long, cold winter, for they were very poor, and sometimes had hard work to drive the wolf from the door; and Jack Frost came early and stays late in that far northern State. So seven-year-old Mily had to help all she could, and her hands were very skillful, and her bright eyes very quick, in picking out just the right spray or bunch of berries, and she worked away steadily, only stopping occasionally to hug Miss Araminta Cleopatra Fitz-James—a curious little specimen of a doll, made of a corn-cob, and dressed in a bit of faded calico, which Mily had given so high-sounding a name as some compensation for other deficiencies, and which she loved with all her affectionate little heart.

"There, mother, isn't that a beauty?" said Jim, holding up a wreath he had just finished of rich heavy evergreens, dotted with the bright scarlet holly berries.

"The prettiest one of all," said Mily.

"I wonder who will buy it?"

"It don't matter, so long as we get the money," said Mrs. Bertram, sighing. "I had hoped to give you children a little taste of Christmas this year, but it has been such a bad season, I am afraid there won't be anything for toys or candy, even if we can pay the rent."

"Oh, never mind us, mother," said Jim, cheerily. "Perhaps good luck will come with the New Year; and anyway, we've all we want, only I wish Mily could have a real doll instead of that corn-cob creature."

"Don't call my dearest, sweetest Araminta Cleopatra names," said Mily, catching up the corn-cob, and showering kisses upon its rather scrubby head.

"You ought just to see the dolls I saw in the toy store. They are so beautiful, with real hair, and eyes, and everything. I wish I could have one like them."

"Oh, I should," said Mily, loyally, "though I would never see one. I don't call my dearest, sweetest Araminta Cleopatra names," said Mily, catching up the corn-cob, and showering kisses upon its rather scrubby head.

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ings and decked the frescoed walls; while music sounded through the apartments, and in carol, dance and game, children and grand-children joined to celebrate the happy festival day. But in a low chair by the fire sat the youngest darling and pet of the household, Grace Langdon, a fairy-like little creature, with soft blue eyes and golden curls, clasping tightly in her tiny arms an immense waxen doll—a present that very day from good old Santa Claus.

She sat very still, and slowly her blue eyes traveled around the room until they were finally raised to a picture of the Madonna and Child above the mantel over which hung the "postman" wreath made by the little children so far away in their long home for some reason his glasses did not seem as clear as usual.

"What is it, Pussy?" asked Mr. Langdon, approaching the tiny rocking-chair.

"There is something white sticking out from that pretty wreath," said Grace, pointing with her wee forefinger.

"So there is. Here, Fred, come and see what this dainty lady has discovered."

At the summons a stalwart young fellow left the group around the piano, and approached. It was but the work of an instant for him to take down the garland, dislodge the paper from its hiding-place, and hand it, with a low bow, to his little cousin.

"Why, it's a letter!" she exclaimed. "You read it, grandpa."

The whole company had now gathered round, and, putting on his eyeglasses, grandpa read aloud Jim's note; and as he finished exclamations of wonder and pity sounded on all sides: "What a strange letter-box!" "Poor children! something ought to be done for them;" while little Grace, with her big eyes filled with tears, ran to her grandfather sobbing, "Oh, grandpa, I am so sorry for them. Here, take my new doll, and send it to her for a New Year's gift."

"To be sure I will," said Mr. Langdon, catching the generous little maid in his arms and giving her what she called a "bear's hug," with a hot penny in his pocket, and a promise to write her soon.

It was the first day of January, clear, crisp and cold; but it was hardly a happy New Year in the Bertram household, for the greens had not brought as much as they expected, and after the rent for the small house and farm had been paid, there was little left for food and clothes; and the mother's heart was heavier than ever, and Jim had to whistle to keep up his spirits as he chopped away at the pile of wood in the yard.

Mily, too, was feeling rather disconsolate as she stood by the window making "peep-holes" with a hot penny in the thick frost which completely covered the panes, while Araminta Cleopatra looked more forlorn than ever, perched on the sill by her side.

"With her eyes at one of the 'peep-holes,'" Mily saw a wagon come lumbering slowly up the road and stop at the gate, and a man's voice was heard without inquiring if "Miss Mily Bertram lived there;" and immediately after the door was burst open and rushed Jim, breathless with excitement, closely followed by a neighboring farmer bearing a large box.

"There, Miss Mily," he said, "I found that down at the 'Corner' for you, so I thought I'd bring it along. Guess somebody's been sending you a New Year's. But I can't stay to see, for my horses won't stand this snapping weather; so good-bye, mornin', and many happy returns of the day."

"The same to you," cried Mily, "and thank you so much for bringing this up. Oh, Jim, do hurry and open the box!"

But her brother was already at work with his hatchet, and the cover was quickly removed, and revealed the beautiful image, the loveliest thing Mily had ever beheld.

"Oh, it is alive!" she asked in an awestruck tone, clasping her hands; and it was some time before she ventured to touch the dainty doll, dressed in satin and lace, who had such bright eyes, that opened and closed, and real glossy hair, and when a spring was touched cried "Pa-pa, ma-ma," in such a lifelike manner. Indeed, she could hardly be persuaded that it was not a real living child.

Pinned to her skirts was a paper on which was written, "A New Year's gift for Mily Bertram, from her new friend, little Grace Langdon. Her name is Winchee Lillian White." Her name is Winchee Lillian White.

"Oh, the dear, darling little girl!" cried Mily. "But look! there are more things in the box."

And, indeed, there were. And as package after package was opened and disclosed dresses and shawls for both Mily and her mother, clothes, and an elegant pair of club skates labeled for "James Bertram, who thought only of his little sister," and lastly a purse well filled with gold and silver, the joy and ecstasies of the children knew no bounds, while the mother wept from very gladness.

That was indeed a happy New Year's day; and when in the evening they sat before the fire of pine knots, the mother wrapped in her new shawl, and with the old care-worn look quite banished from her face, Jim polishing his new skates, on which he had enjoyed a fine race in the afternoon, and Mily with Winchee Lillian White and Araminta Cleopatra Fitz-James side by side in her lap, Jim remarked, "It must be nice to have a little sister, and lastly a purse well filled with gold and silver, the joy and ecstasies of the children knew no bounds, while the mother wept from very gladness."

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